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Gathered

Autumn Leaves



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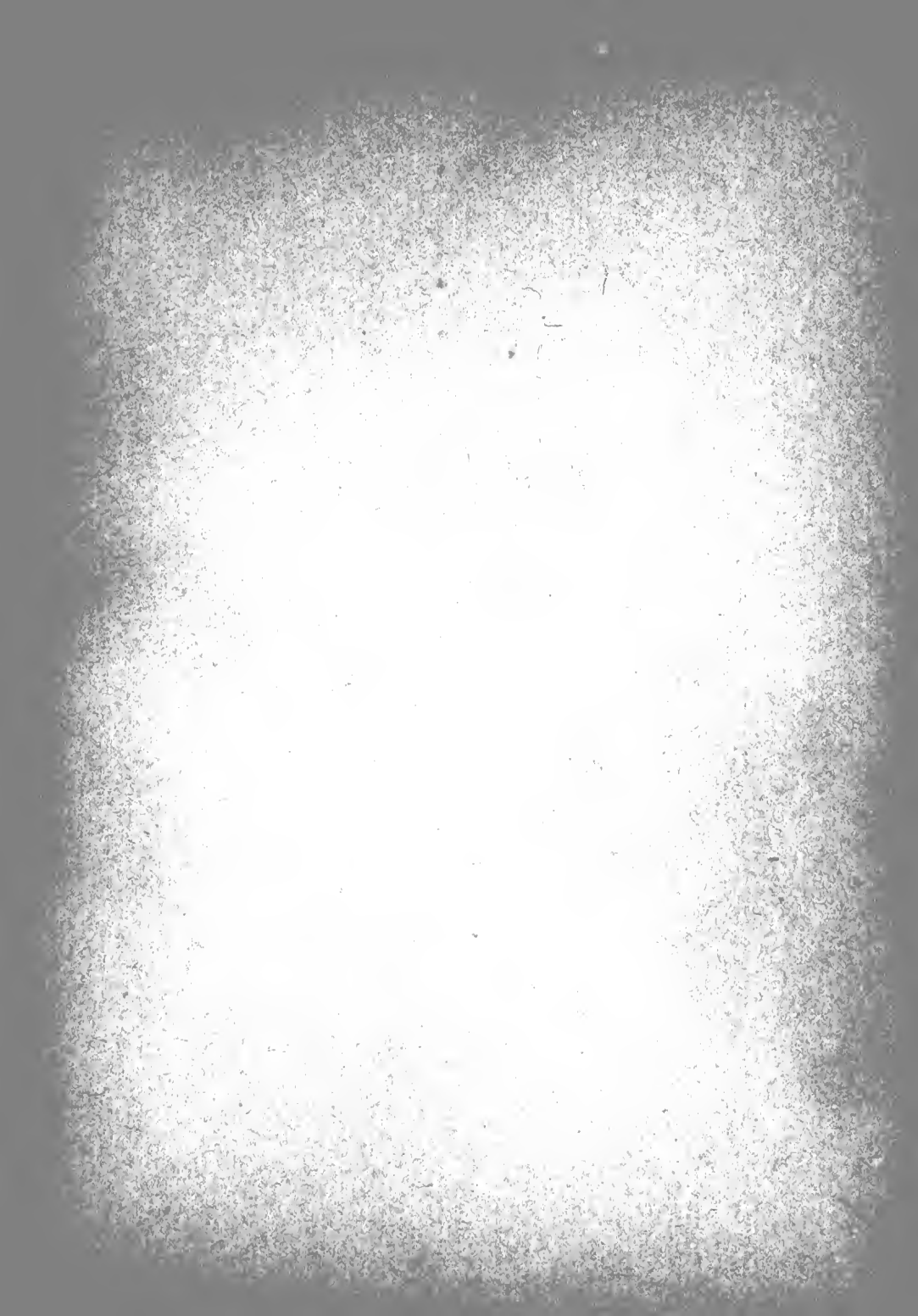
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# GATHERED AUTUMN LEAVES.

✓ BY VERSICUS. [pseud.]

Candage, Rufus George Frederick  
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PRIVATELY PRINTED.

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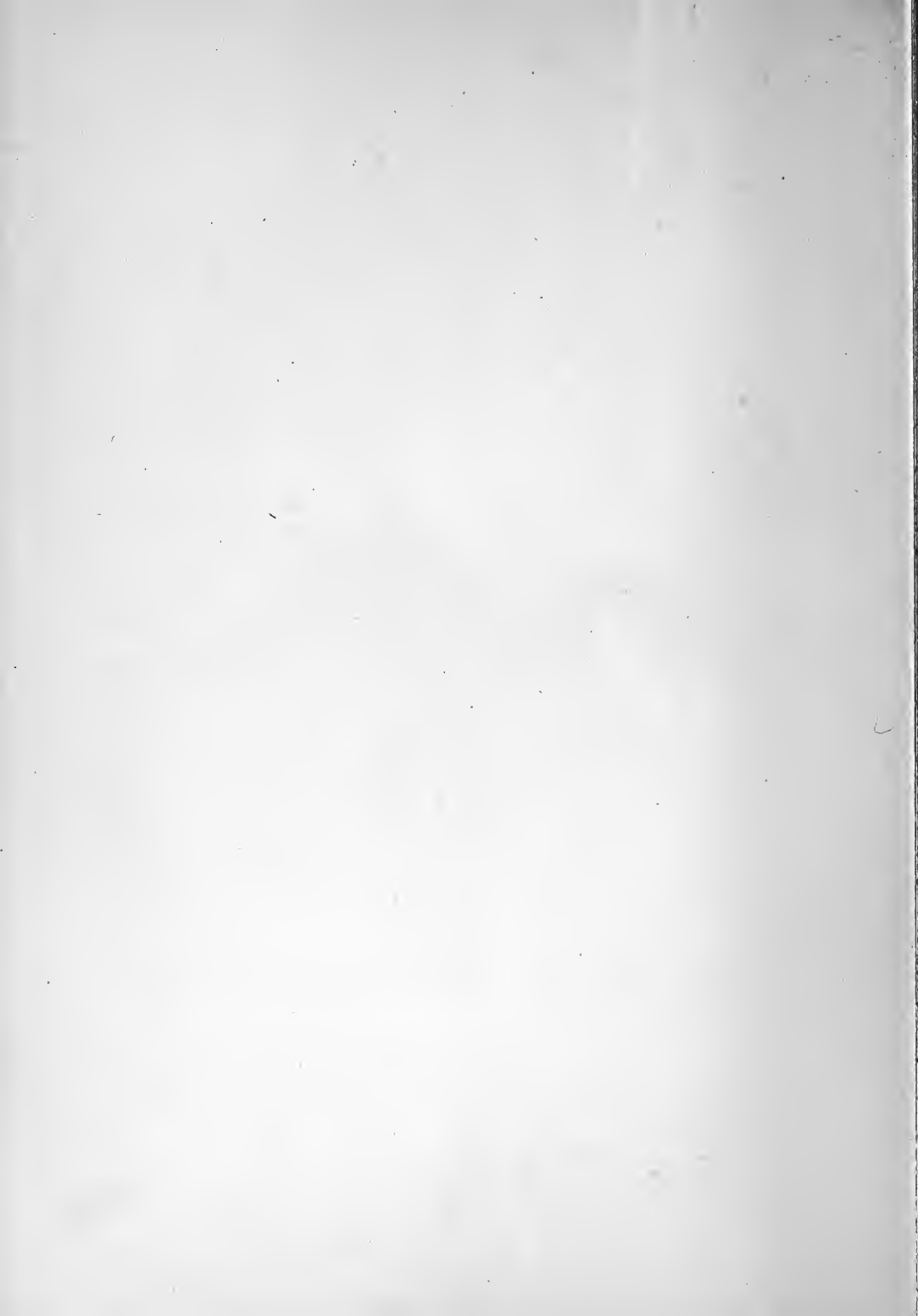






Eng<sup>d</sup> by A.H. Fitchie.

R. A. F. Candage



## DEDICATION.

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TO FRIENDS ON THIS SIDE, AND TO THE MANY  
"BEYOND THE DARK VALLEY AND THE SHADOW,"  
WHOSE FRIENDSHIPS HELPED TO MAKE HIS LIFE SUNNY,  
THE CRUDE AND HOMELY VERSES WHICH FOLLOW,  
ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,  
BY THE AUTHOR.

## PREFACE.

---

THIS little volume is privately printed for friends who have expressed the desire to see its verses in book form, and for members of the writer's family as a keepsake when he shall have fallen by the wayside like autumn leaves.

For an appropriate title, "Gathered Autumn Leaves" suggested itself, for the reason that the verses were written in the autumn of life, and like autumn leaves indiscriminately gathered in the forest, represent the writer's fancy and mood in his rambles with the muse.

A lady friend who appreciates this attempt at versification, asked the writer why he chose "Versicus" as his *nom de plume*.

He answered: "Many persons have little appreciation of ordinary verse, and consider its reading a waste of time, and its writers dreamers, or lunatics, so 'Versicus' was chosen to signify the 'Cuss' that writes verses."

From friends of recent date and "of days lang syne," who shall receive and read the verses contained in this book, the writer requests not too severe a criticism of its faults, nor over-praise of its merits, if such be found — bearing in mind that it is a messenger of affectionate regard from friend to friend, and that over the faults of friends one should cast the mantle of charity.

In penning the verses now launched upon the sea of confidence reposed in the thought and mind of those for whom they are set afloat, the writer has greatly enjoyed the time thus spent, and should their readers find half as much pleasure in their perusal, his purpose will have been accomplished.

VERSICUS.

Brookline, Mass., March 11, 1901.

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## \*WELCOME.

---

WELCOME dear friends of my childhood!  
And thrice welcome! You who have stood  
Friendship's test with unchanging mood

For half a century!

Heart and home are an open door  
For you. Enter, and days of yore  
O'er we will talk, and ancient lore  
Draw forth from memory.

Naught shall forbid, our childhood days  
Our childish thoughts, our youthful plays  
And roguish pranks in all their ways

Us freely to discuss;

The old school-house upon the hill,  
Painted dull red from roof to sill —  
In our mind's eye we see it still —  
It seems a part of us!

In it, 'tis said, we did stammer  
When the teacher tried to hammer  
Into us, the parts of grammar,

For which we had no love;

But in spelling and in writing  
Our lessons were more inviting,  
And at times were quite exciting  
And kept us on the move.

Especially, a misspelled word  
Lost us our place and did accord  
To the victor, a just award,

A move up in the line;

And when some young versifier,  
With heart aflame, tuned up his "*liar*"  
To sing praise of "his *sole's* desire," —  
Liar and sole both, were fine!

And in winter what fun we had !  
The thought of it still makes us glad, —  
With the ground frozen and snow-clad,  
    In coasting down the hill !  
And if a boy with lofty boast  
Of his knowledge how he could coast  
Upset his sled, we did him roast  
    On burning laughter's grill.

The evening tale, the contra dance ;  
A kiss given — in games perchance —  
All did contribute to enhance  
    Youthful merry-making !  
And music on the violin,  
Yowling like an old grimalkin —  
No music since to us has been  
    Quite so sweet and taking !

Such rosy cheeks ! Such sweet faces !  
And sparkling eyes had those graces,  
In their lively winsome races  
    All through the merry dance !  
Lads and lasses by volition  
Stepped to music with precision,  
Bending on partners their vision  
    In fond admiring glance !

The dance over then home passes  
Two by two, the lads and lasses  
Never minding what the masses  
    About them had to say ;  
They engaged in conversation,  
Or, absorbed in meditation,  
Did not deem it an occasion,  
    At all out of the way.



When came the spring, and gone the snow,  
With sun warming field and meadow,  
Then watched we with faces aglow  
    For new sights, and the sound  
Of the song-bird of glossy coat  
Warbling his sweet musical note  
Gleefully from out-swelling throat  
    Filling the air around.

And in summer upon the bay  
With gentle breeze many a day  
We went sailing with feelings gay,  
    And enjoyed our leisure ;  
A pure delight it was to glide  
Safely over the waters wide,  
But a sorrow, to be denied  
    That innocent pleasure.

To Long Island sometimes we went  
To pick berries was the intent,  
And many an hour there we spent  
    Before we did return ;  
We filled our baskets, rent our clothes,  
Scratched our fingers, sun-burnt our nose —  
But little mishaps such as those  
    Were of trifling concern.

The spelling-school at eventide,  
The pleasant old fashioned sleigh-ride,  
With after chats by the fire-side  
    Hold in memory yet,  
They were a part of our childhood,  
As were the brooks, the hills, the wood  
And shore near where the school-house stood,  
    Which we do not forget !

And so were the fields, buds, flowers  
And pastures, where happy hours  
In childish play, in leafy bowers  
    We spent under the trees  
Of oak and ash, maple and pine,  
Spruce, fir and birch, with creeping vine  
To them clinging, us to enshrine  
    And shelter from the breeze.

We might continue here to recite  
In glowing words and with delight  
Other scenes and thoughts shedding light  
    Upon our childhood years,  
Also of persons, whom we knew,  
Our absent playmates, kind and true,  
Who long ago bade us adieu  
    And left behind life's cares.

They in number were several score,  
Who shared our joys, our sorrows bore —  
But few are left — beside us four,  
    Assembled here to-day!  
We'll not forget them, though they're gone, —  
To us true friends were every one,  
And never did the sun shine on  
    A finer group than they.

And now, friends of my childhood, dear,  
Assembled this jubilee year!  
A cordial welcome and sincere  
    We extend unto you!  
Trusting it will prove a pleasure  
To you and us, beyond measure  
To remember and to treasure,  
    All life's journey through.

\*Read to ladies who were schoolmates of the writer on Feb. 22, 1900.

\* TO MISS L. M. L.

---

THE knot's to be tied  
Making you a bride  
With cares multiplied  
    By the figure two,  
The course then begun  
In which you must run  
To win the well done  
    Expected of you.

With advice that's rife  
When you are a wife  
In the book of life  
    Turn a leaf that's new,  
And upon it write  
What love does indite,  
And try with your might  
    The right to pursue.

As a wife in band  
Of wedlock you'll stand  
Pledged heart and hand,  
    To your spouse—be true,  
And try hard to make  
For your husband's sake,  
Whom you choose to take,  
    Your lives *one*, not two.

If on this intent  
Your purpose is bent  
It's accomplishment  
    You will surely gain,

And then by your love  
Which your acts will prove  
The powers above  
    Will make *one* ye twain.

On Jesus depend  
To secure this end,  
For He is your friend,  
    To Him go in need,  
Open is His ear  
Your requests to hear,  
Unto Him draw near,  
    He's a friend indeed.

Feb. 13, 1883.

\*To a young lady friend on the eve of her marriage.

\* TO H. G. F.

---

HONORED SIR — My dear Henry G.  
Your card by post came safe to me  
Bearing the season's compliments,  
And your congratulations, too,  
Which gladly are received from you  
In the same spirit they were sent.

Always kindly taken are they  
Upon the year's glad natal day,  
Or, any other, from a friend;  
And nothing truly do they cost  
But ink, paper and stamp of post  
When friendship's heart and hand attend.

Draw heavily my friend on me,  
Your drafts will not dishonored be  
While life lasts or friends I'm needing,  
'Tis a credit you can't abuse,  
Draw then as often as you choose  
And consider it "good breeding."

Jan. 1, 1884.

\* Written in answer to a postal card.

## \* THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

---

ON from the cradle, in which lies  
The new-born babe in tears, that cries  
To make known its wants, to the end  
Of life, 'tis a struggle to rise  
To a higher plane, otherwise  
From that level we can't ascend.

Children strength to gain do romp, sing,  
And make the blue vault of heaven ring  
With shouts of innocent laughter,  
In that merry time — childhood's spring —  
Cares and sorrows aside they fling,  
Heedless of what may come after.

Years gone by, they look on that time  
Lovingly, and sing it in rhyme,  
Paint it in colors, its pleasures  
Keep in store along life's journey —  
Smooth and easy, rough or stormy —  
Memory preserves and treasures.

Children grow in stature and years  
Without forebodings, doubts or fears  
As to what time may have in store  
To affect their body or mind —  
Work or play, their aim is to find  
An easy way to years a score.

That period so desired and sought  
Is attained once only; though fraught  
With anticipated pleasures, seems  
An opening new in life, a door  
To full enjoyment evermore  
Inviting, alas! they are dreams.

The pleasures of twenty enjoyed  
Surfeit too often and cloyed  
At thirty, and one turns away  
In search of a promising field  
To sow and reap, and which shall yield  
A harvest, that shall not decay.

The dart of Cupid, unawares  
He lets fly and victim ensnares —  
Strikes the target, inflicts a wound, —  
A struggle — then capitulate —  
Friends gossip — then congratulate —  
“ That so proper a match is found.”

Then they arrange the wedding day,  
When invited guests and neighbors say,  
“ It is a match appropriate ;  
He is clever, and she dear pet,  
Deserves her good fortune — and yet,  
How did she catch him ? please relate ? ”

The ceremony o'er, “ man and wife,”  
Says the parson, “ you are for life —  
What God hath joined none shall sunder.”  
“ The bride did look charming — was dressed  
In silk, of style and fit the best,” —  
And the guests looked on in wonder.

The bride and groom within an hour  
Depart upon their wedding tour —  
To be alone they crave the boon —  
Whither they went, or why they go  
The gathered guests are not to know,  
Where they shall spend their honey-moon.

The bridal tour o'er, man and wife  
At home begin their work in life  
At house-keeping, or, it may be  
Boarding with friends kind and true,  
Free from care with little to do  
But enjoy each other's society.

And so life passes day by day,  
And weeks, months and years, roll away;  
Time on the march, slacks not his pace  
But continuously, rapidly  
Does move onward in harmony  
With the prescribed plans for life's race!

\* Written by request of a middle-aged lady, as a birthday greeting.



1896 — 1897.

TO THE OLD, ADIEU. WELCOME TO THE NEW.

---

ALAS! Alas!  
How time does pass!  
Nor lingers by the way,  
But day and night  
In rapid flight  
His footsteps never stay!

The Old has gone,  
The New has come,  
Ere we realize the change;  
And wonder then  
That what has been  
Should seem to us so strange!

---

Eighteen Ninety-six grown old, dead!  
Closed his accounts; his record made.  
Ill that record must stand, or good —  
Nor change it can we if we would.

Though here no more  
We keep in store  
Sweet memories of you,  
And events gone  
Not to return.  
Old year, a fond adieu!

Eighteen Ninety-seven to run  
His course, eventful, has begun.  
We hail with joy his natal day,  
And for these favors we do pray.

Keep thou us free  
On land and sea  
From harm in thy career,  
That at its end  
We may append  
Our blessing to the year.

---

Happy New Year!  
Greetings, with cheer  
To you I send;  
And the year through  
(If it please you)  
Count me your friend.

## \* INVITATION TO DINNER.

---

My dear and respected friend Irene,  
You and friend Lizzie F. *Nota bene*,  
Both are invited and must not decline  
The invitation, but write soon and say,  
“Will come without fail, Washington’s birthday,  
To make you glad and happy as we dine.”

Many years have rolled by since Fifty-three,  
When we young and happy on life’s journey  
Friendships formed which have lasted all the way  
Till now. Then let us again meet and dine  
Together, and chat about “days lang syne,”  
And enjoy ourselves on Washington’s birthday.

Feb. 4, 1897.

---

In writing now, it is to say,  
That upon Washington’s birthday  
We lunch at one, and at five dine;  
So do come, of both to partake,  
And with the family to make  
A pleasant party, friend of mine.

Feb. 9, 1897.

\* Within two years of the date of this invitation this friend passed on to the higher life.

## \* TIME FOR ALL THINGS.

---

“THERE is a time to reap;  
There is a time to sow;  
There is a time to sleep,”  
A time to bed to go.

A time for us to rise;  
For we know how time flies  
In running for the train;  
And he is a great dunce  
Who having lost it once  
Lets it leave him again.

Young men sometimes the train  
Miss, they desire to catch,  
Steam, street, silk, or delaine,  
For lack of a good watch.

And weary years through, then,  
Or lonely life they lead;  
But changed it might have been,  
Had they to time paid heed.

That be on time you may,  
Always the train to catch,  
Steam, street, or feminine,  
Your friends present this watch.

Keep it, and mark it well,  
Of time's flight it will tell  
Sadly or pleasantly;  
For this short life of ours  
Is made of passing hours—  
Moving on rapidly.

May time record for thee,  
E'en to the journey's end,  
Sorrow and sadness free  
As life's pathway you wend.

Friends together are met,  
In purpose, as begun,  
That you a watch may get  
The day you're twenty-one.  
Watch well the passing time!  
And profit by the watch.

Feb. 7, 1897.

\* A young friend having no watch lost the train several times. His friends bought him one, to be given him on his twenty-first birthday, and these verses were written for and read as a presentation speech on that occasion.

## FRIENDSHIP.

---

“A FRIEND in need,” as said of old,  
“Is friend indeed,” and good as gold  
    That passes current, ever;  
But counterfeits of coin, or friend,  
Are base deceits, one can defend  
    With honest purpose — never.

A-friend we use oft as we will,  
But no excuse for treatment ill  
    Should be admitted, ever;  
For to be rude is unrefined,  
To cause a feud is more unkind,  
    And fosters friendship — never.

Hold fast the friend you once do gain,  
E'en to life's end, the grasp retain  
    And draw him closer, ever;  
For friendships old are hallowed true,  
They wealth untold bestow on you!  
    Hold, and regret it — never.

A worthy book is friend sincere,  
Its placid look does sweetly cheer  
    One's lonely moments, ever;  
Peruse it well, 'twill not offend,  
Its story tell and it commend,  
    Its friendship falters — never.

August, 1897.

## \* SILVER WEDDING.

---

SILVER wedding is the heading  
Chosen for our theme to-night,  
On it musing and it choosing,  
A tale in verse to recite.

There are changes in the ranges  
Over five-and-twenty years,  
And a pleasure them to measure  
By the light that now appears.

The mist and haze of former days  
The future did from us hide,  
But flown away now clear as day  
The horizon opens wide.

Young people, too, come into view,  
Comely both, you might expect,  
And at that day, it's safe to say,  
Few had shown them more respect.

We see them walk together, talk  
About the clouds and weather,  
Glance at the skies, see the moon rise;  
Later walk home together.

It came to pass, that lad and lass  
Were known later to tarry;  
In love they fell! How? Let them tell—  
And they agreed to marry!

With that intent, together went  
To have the knot strongly tied,  
And without flaws, fulfil the laws  
The Commonwealth does provide.

The parson said, "wish you to wed  
This young woman for your wife?  
If so, she too, agrees with you  
Now to be united for life."

"Now join your hands and I the bands  
Will fix and tie securely,  
Which to sunder is a blunder  
You never will make, surely."

A prayer he said and verses read  
From the "Holy Book" of life,  
And then said he—taking his fee—  
"Lawfully you're man and wife."

Then with blushes her face flushes,  
In the part that few would miss,  
Though confusing, none refusing  
The bride the accustomed kiss.

Salutations, gratulations,  
Given for their happiness,  
One half would do, if they came true,  
To make their lives perfect bliss.

The honey-moon passes too soon,  
And duties of life begin :  
She to preside at the fire-side,  
He bread for the home to win.

Happy are they who every day,  
By labor their wants supply,  
And in good health have source of wealth  
The ills of life to defy.



In such a joy there's no alloy  
Beneath the roof that covers  
Content and peace, quiet and ease,  
Of husbands, wives and lovers.

The years roll round and then the sound  
Of children's voices greet them ;  
Those little things that gladness brings,  
Into the home to meet them.

The home before seemed a full store  
Of memories rich and rare,  
But now anew they look it through  
And behold a change so fair.

The children brought, what had been sought,  
Adornment, inspiration ;  
When they did come into this home  
Of love and consecration.

Adornment they do bring alway  
To every home and hearthstone,  
And they inspire loving desire  
Not felt by those who have none.

Onward time flew — the children grew  
To womanhood and manhood,  
And from their start they won the heart  
Of their parents, as they should.

Five-and-twenty years of plenty  
Filled with love and memories dear,  
In full content together spent,  
Is the story recited here.

Friends and neighbors ! In the labors  
At pen-sketching as above,  
True to nature is the picture  
Drawn in outline and in curve.

Our song we've sung, the picture's hung  
Where behold it in the light;  
Without surprise, you recognize  
Host and hostess of to-night.

The wedding bells — their music swells  
Over five-and-twenty years,  
And they measure, with much pleasure  
Dulcet tones to greet their ears.

Silver wedding lustre shedding,  
Friends and neighbors gratulate; —  
Time grown olden, wedding golden  
May they live to celebrate.

\* Composed for and read at the silver wedding of friends, November 5, 1897.

## 1897 — LE TEMPS FUT. — 1898.

---

ONWARD ever, halting never, in his pace,  
Friendships making and hearts breaking in the race,  
For affection or affliction in his flight,  
Time does not heed, slacken his speed, nor increase,  
His march profound, the circuit round, without cease  
Does forward press, the world to bless, day and night.

Never weary, he does journey in a round  
Of duration and notation without bound,  
Noted figure, with his vigor unabate,  
Ever youthful, ever strengthful; does appear  
Not a presage of his dotage; his career  
Is precision and decision regulate.

When day closes man reposes in sweet sleep,  
And yet Time still does his vigil and watch keep,  
In Arctic sleet and torrid heat cycles through;  
His tread noiseless, his step ceaseless night and day,  
Their course onward,— though rough the road and the way  
Be without end, do not contend — do pursue.

While busily engrossed are we in life's affairs  
He silently passes us by; unawares  
The clock's ticking, the pulsating of our hearts,  
Joys we borrow, all our sorrow, e'en our tears,  
Night and morning, the revolving, mighty spheres  
Say: "He's coming! He is passing! He departs!"

With time, alas! our lives do pass as a dream,  
Forward vaulting, then a-halting, — short they seem;  
Years few are they, yet let's obey the mandate, --  
"Be vigilant and diligent in life's fight,  
To bear a part, with willing heart, for the right;"  
Thus conscience clear, we shall each year consecrate.

Jan. 1, 1898.

## LIFE NEW AND EVERMORE.

---

LIFE is joy, life is pain,  
Life is toil, life is strain,  
Life is work, hand and brain.

Life's history!

Life a prize, lost or won,  
Life goes on—life is done—  
Life ends where life begun,  
Life's mystery!

Life that's pure, life that's sweet,  
Life that's love, life complete,  
Life ready ill to meet

Life's way define;

Life's sweetness, life's desire,  
Life's beauty, life's attire,  
Life blameless does inspire  
A life divine.

Life's work done, life's race run,  
Life laid down, spirit flown,  
Life then New wears a crown

Life's ill then o'er;

Life then New, toil does cease,  
Life then New, joy and peace,  
Life filled with happiness,  
Life evermore.

Feb. 22, 1898.

## SILVER SPRAYS.

---

1873 — MAY 22 — 1898.

WE have journeyed together, wife and I,  
In sunshine and shadow along life's way,  
Helping each other in sadness and joy,  
A quarter of a century to-day.

We began our journey never to part  
As long as life to us both should remain ;  
Pledging to each other both hand and heart,  
Our compact to strengthen and to maintain.

On the journey, the way we did pursue,  
Men in all ages had traveled before,  
The old beaten pathway they so well knew,  
And now known to us as to them of yore.

Over hill, through vale, and on across plain,  
Our path did lead ; flower and bramble-strewn  
Its sides, while a field, nodded golden grain,  
And perfumes filled the air from hay new mown.

Birds in gay plumage greeted us with song ;  
A joyous symphony they carolled, and sang  
A melody so sweet all the day long  
That forest and hill with the echoes rang.

What more was needed to make us content ?  
Nature smiled on us — what had we to fear ?  
Time on our journey was pleasantly spent  
In companionship with those we held dear.

From the open plain we then did descend  
Into the valley where dark shadows lie;  
And high, beetling cliffs, impending, did bend  
In frowning attitude from mountains nigh.

Black clouds did gather; the lightnings did flash,  
And darkness hung like a pall o'er the vale,  
While the thunder, from peak to peak, did crash  
With awful sound above the tempest's wail.

Sad work on mountain the freshet did make —  
In vale, the waters of the swollen stream,  
A dear little lamb of our flock did take —  
No arm to save — our agony extreme.

In sorrow and anguish the night we spent,  
And closer were drawn — could not bear to part;  
But for strength unto Him together went,  
Who knows the sorrows of the human heart.

He heard our prayer, and its answer was blest;  
His still, small voice spoke words of healing balm —  
“Comfort ye, my people! Ye have the rest  
Of the flock I gave. Cherish them! Be calm!”

Then learned we the lesson, not since forgot,  
Nor can be until life's journey shall close,  
That sorrows and joys are the common lot  
Of humanity — rich, poor, friends and foes.

Broke then the day, and darkness fled amain;  
In sunshine we did our journey renew;  
And from the valley to the open plain,  
The ascent was easy, nor weary grew.

Again the music of birds we did hear,  
    Warbling their songs in a glad, merry strain ;  
The meadows did smile with blossoms to cheer,  
    And politely bowed the gold-tinted grain.

Then sang we together a cheery song,  
    As we travelled the path of life in glee ;  
The days and the weeks we wished to prolong,  
    So content, joyous and happy were we.

And thus we did journey from day to day,  
    Making new friends, but missing many old,  
That grew weary, and fell out on the way,—  
    A stone by the wayside their story told.

Were it not for the new friends that we make,  
    Truly, ours a solitary life would be ;  
So many dear ones their departure take,  
    To leave us as lone trees of the prairie.

We oft sit in silence at eve, and see  
    Familiar faces long since gone, and hear  
The echoes of voices silent, which we  
    Recognize as those of friends once held dear.

New friends, however, we made on the way,  
    As trusty and true as those gone to rest ;  
And we gladly remember them to-day,  
    And ever shall welcome them as our guests.

Our gaze we turn through avenues of years  
    We've travelled together, which to us seem  
So short, yet so crowded with memories  
    Of change, and time's flight — fleeting as a dream !

And yet, could we turn back the clock of time  
    To begin life anew, falter we should  
In our action, and prefer not to climb  
    The hill of life again, e'en if we could.

Not but what ours a pleasant life has been,  
    With loving children and friends without lack,  
And we have journeyed with them through life's din,  
    And, leave them now, we would not, to turn back.

Of few married couples can it be said,  
    That no differences between them came,  
When for twenty-five years they have been wed,  
    If so, how commonplace their lives — how tame!

Our minds have not always together run ;  
    We've had differences as others have —  
We argued and settled them, and when done,  
    We buried them deep and sodded their grave.

We have journeyed together, wife and I,  
    Through sunshine and shadow along life's way,  
Helping each other in sadness and joy  
    A quarter of a century to-day.



## KOLLIGWIGWAUK.

---

UPON the eastern coast of Maine,  
And seen afar on sea and land,  
Stands a mountain upon a plain  
A thousand feet above the strand.

Redmen of old upon it's brow  
Held their war-dance and grand council,  
And 'tis whispered that even now  
Their spirits linger round the hill.

When the mount puts on his cloud-cap,  
And lightnings play about his head,  
Then in thunder's startling loud clap  
Manitou's voice is heard with dread.

And savage war in conflict fierce  
Is heard above the tempest wail,  
In agonies and moans that pierce  
The atmosphere o'er hill and dale.

The tempest ends with peace again,  
The morning smiles with cloudless sky,  
The sun shines bright o'er hill and plain  
With unveiled glances from his eye.

Climb then to Kolligwigwauk's height,  
Transparent is the atmosphere,  
And the horizon's circuit bright  
Make distant objects nigh appear.

Beneath his feet the village sleeps  
In quiet beauty and repose  
And he o'er it his vigil keeps  
With watchful eyes that never close.

Northward from the mount lies a lake  
Of it the first settlers were fond,  
It's name in drink they oft did take,  
Sorrows to drown — in Toddy-Pond.

Facing eastward see Mount Desert,  
Mecca of fashion and of wealth ;  
Bold in outline, an isle sea-girt,  
Resort of pleasure and of health.

Seaward see ocean's restless main  
Ever surging 'gainst Isle au Haut,  
That high island named by Champlain  
Nearly three hundred years ago.

From Naskeag, and its waters blue,  
Follow now Eggemoggin's lead,  
Then passing many islands through  
Cross over the bay to Owl's Head.

Perched on a hill behold the light  
Owl's Head — fit name for it to bear —  
Eye shut all day, open all night  
To guide mariners by its glare.

And many other lights are seen  
On capes and head-lands in the bay,  
And on islets and islands green,  
Directing vessels night and day.

Westward across Penobscot Bay,  
Whose waters have a pleasant look  
With islands near and far away  
You there behold Megunticook.

It's broken outline as one sees,  
The legendary story tells,  
That to the aborigines  
It signified — "The Great Sea Swells."

Penobscot Bay wears beauty's crown  
So rich in story and romance,  
Of Norumbega — phantom town —  
Of wars between England and France.

And looking back to days of yore,  
Redmen we see in birch canoe,  
Boldly paddling it's waters o'er  
Their game, or pleasure to pursue.

East side of the bay see Castine,  
Pentagoet it was before  
Where Caucasian and Tarratine  
Fought bloody battles on its shore.

Banners of England and of France  
Have floated o'er that ancient town,  
And that of Holland, by war's chance  
For a short time o'er it was flown.

Now on that famed peninsula,  
Long held by sword and bayonet,  
Floats the flag of America  
And peace reigns at Pentagoet.

Northwestward, see Mount Kineo,  
Upon the shores of Lake Moose Head,  
Haunt of the moose and caribou  
With branching antlers wide outspread.

The lofty range of Kineo  
Is where the rivulets begin  
The Kennebec's unceasing flow  
To join the ocean at Sequin.

Farther north, see Katahdin grand,  
The Monarch of the hills of Maine,  
A hundred miles from where you stand  
Lifts high his head o'er hill and plain.

The dews distilled upon this mount,  
Which trickle down its sides with rain,  
Are the Penobscot's crystal fount  
Pressing onward the sea to gain.

From Dedham, east to Schoodic hills,  
There peak on peak themselves assert,  
These with the sea — the circuit fills —  
Bathing the shores of Mount Desert.

Here ends the view to outward sight,  
But once seen from the mountain crest  
This grand picture in colors bright  
Forever in your mind will rest.

July 28, 1898.

## MEMORIES OF BLUE HILL.

---

IN extensive travel on ocean and on land,  
Many beautiful scenes oft did their vision fill,  
But none of them surpass the pleasant hills and strand,  
And beauty of their town, say the boys of Blue Hill.

Round it the memories of childhood closely cling,  
Distance does not hide them, nor does age their warmth chill,  
They are ever pleasing as blossoms in the spring —  
Sweet-scented and fragrant are their thoughts of Blue Hill.

Early school friends were there — a cheerful happy set —  
With voices musical, alas! some hushed and still —  
Their sweet smiling faces one never can forget,  
Until his life closes, and he forgets Blue Hill.

On shore and rocky points jutting into the bay,  
Around and about them the children played at will;  
They were happy children, no cares disturbed their play,  
For others cared for them in their homes at Blue Hill.

The Narrows, Parker's Point, Long Island, o'er the bay,  
"The Fire Falls," once so called, the mill-pond and tide-mill,  
Distant Newbury Neck, Mount Desert far away,  
All are familiar sights to people of Blue Hill.

They oft sailed to the island on a summer's day  
To gather berries, their pails and baskets to fill,  
The girls, too, went along, so happy and so gay,  
And delightful it was to the youth of Blue Hill.

There was sport at fishing for cod, hake and haddock;  
Sometimes 'twas halibut and shiny mackerel,  
Flounders, sculpins, cunners, or perhaps a pollock,  
Then, fish were plentiful in the bay at Blue Hill.

They had their picnics, too, old and young attending ;  
The clam-bake on the shore near to the old tide-mill ;  
The festive corn-husking — kiss without offending  
Red ears gave permission to the boys of Blue Hill.

And there were such sleigh-rides ! crisp snow and bells jingling !  
Buffalo robes and wraps kept them without a chill,  
While outside 'twas zero, which set one's ears tingling —  
The girls were close and warm to the boys of Blue Hill.

They climbed up the mountain and stood upon its brow,  
And there a view beheld which did their senses thrill ;  
It was rare enjoyment, they seem to feel it now,  
Though fifty years have flown since that day on Blue Hill.

The bright scenes of childhood appear to multiply,  
As one does recall them by effort of the will,  
And that they gave pleasure, one never can deny  
Who spent his childhood days in the town of Blue Hill.

Many of the loved ones that they in childhood knew,  
Are now o'er the river of waters dark and chill ;  
Others soon will follow and friendships there renew,  
So happily begun years ago at Blue Hill.

Feb. 6, 1899.

## LEGEND OF MOTHER BUSH BROOK.

---

UPON a lonely way, in a New England town,  
A shaded valley lay with alders overgrown,  
Through which, from the hillside, a brook ran softly down,  
    Meandering in its course to the sea.  
Over rocks and ledges its waters leaped and dashed,  
With here a tiny pool and there a cascade splashed  
Downward from ledgy shelf and into foam was lashed,  
    Sweetly chanting nature's melody.

Its name, Mother Bush Brook, was derived from a pond  
Which lay a mile away in woods the hill beyond,  
It was the pond's outlet and formed the only bond  
    Of union between it and the coast.  
Now this beautiful brook, with name so endearing,  
Was blackened for a time by the chance appearing  
Of an object near it, apparently wearing —  
    The tale ran — the vestments of a ghost!

'Mong the early settlers of that old sea-coast town,  
Were men of character and of local renown;  
One was Benjamin Friend from Beverly, went down,  
    Took land, built a home, and cleared a farm;  
He lived an upright life — so all his neighbors said —  
Toiling for his support he ate no idle bread —  
Was honored when alive and mourned when he was dead,  
    Always kindly and in friendship warm.

Generous, too, was he and from his own farm gave  
A graveyard to the town that its people might have  
Consecrated burial and a time-honored grave  
    When their short earthly journey should end.  
In it his grave was made and he was laid to rest  
A hundred years ago with Scriptural behest —  
As an humble Christian — that he, with others blest,  
    Would be awakened to life again.

The strange old weird story of an apparition  
At Mother Bush Brook, and the superstition  
It begat and fostered by oft narration

Gave local credence to the legend.

In a tale exciting, when imagination  
Thought and mind are enwrought in anticipation  
Of the story's climax, the real relation

'Tween cause and effect few comprehend.

So it was one dark night, a man no harm thinking,  
Late home was returning — some said he'd been drinking —  
In passing Mother Bush, his eye in its twinkling —

Caught sight of a ghost! Heaven forefend!

It crossed over the way and on down toward the sea,  
Following a wood road — the man ran past swiftly,  
Teeth chat'ring, hair standing! the ghost turned round slowly,  
Showing the face of Benjamin Friend!

When a boy in my teens on horse-back returning  
From a neighboring town in small hours of morning,  
And had reached Mother Bush, and heard it murmuring

And rippling on its way to the sea,

O'er the bridge was passing in darkness appalling,  
When lo! a brilliant light on vicinage falling  
Night into day turning and instantly calling

Rider and steed from their reverie!

My blood froze in my veins! my horse started in fright  
And ran to the hill-top with gallant stride and might,  
He never having shown such speed as on that night!

Ghost of Mother Bush! Benjamin Friend!

That was my opinion — 'twas nothing of the kind —  
It was a meteor which my excited mind  
And imagination into a ghost entwined,

And explains Mother Bush Brook Legend.

May 30, 1899.



## RETROSPECTION AND ANTICIPATION.

---

'Tis sweet to remember  
In days of December  
    The sunny days of spring;  
The song-birds' rhapsody  
Of gleeful melody  
    The season welcoming.

'Tis sweet to remember  
In cloudy December  
    The friends of our childhood,  
With their sunny faces  
Whereon never traces  
    Of duplicity stood.

'Tis sweet to remember  
In dreary December  
    Of life's short waning day  
All those who with fineness  
Of feeling and kindness  
    Made sunny our pathway.

'Tis sweet to remember  
In chilly December  
    Our friendships without lack;  
That sweet recollection  
Makes the retrospection  
    A joyous turning back.

'Tis sweet to remember  
In stormy December  
    That warm shelter is near  
In the breast of a Friend  
On Whom we can depend  
    Without shadow of fear.

'Tis sweet to remember  
That then in December,  
    With its days short and chill,  
That the Saviour is near  
Us to comfort and cheer,  
    If call on Him we will.

'Tis sweet to remember  
That e'en in December  
    His heart is warm with love  
And tender compassion,  
Forgiving transgression  
    With power from Above.

'Tis sweet to remember  
In closing December  
    That on the golden shore  
There will be a meeting  
And a joyous greeting  
    "Of loved ones gone before!"

Sweet then to remember  
There is no December  
    Upon the golden shore;  
No troubles to borrow  
Nor sadness nor sorrow,  
    But joy forever more!

Sweet then to remember  
There's no more December,  
    But ever-verdant Spring;  
Where a great redeemed throng  
Shall sing sweetly the song  
    Of our home-welcoming.

Easter Sunday, 1900.

## SEVENTY-FOUR.

---

YES, 'tis true, I'm Seventy-four!  
And to-day I've been thinking o'er  
The many changes that three score  
    And fourteen years have wrought!  
In me, and friends whom I have known  
In life that has so swiftly flown  
Into the past. Forever gone.  
    From me, except in thought.

I wonder if on me there lie  
These marks of age; the dim-lit eye,  
The wrinkled brow, the forehead high  
    With baldness to the crown?  
In others, signs like these I see;  
But do they too apply to me?  
I ask in all sincerity  
    If I so old have grown?

True, I miss friends that once I had,  
Who made life's journey sweet and glad,  
And the thought of it makes me sad  
    That I see them no more!  
Unto their long home they have gone,  
While I'm still here and plodding on  
O'er the pathway from which alone  
    They reached "the silent shore."

And yet, this life to me appears  
Not "a vale of sorrow and tears,"  
But a result of all its years  
    And of their employment.  
And though my hair and beard be white,  
My mind seems clear, my vision bright,  
And still in life I find delight,  
    And in friends enjoyment.

July 28,  
1826 — 74 — 1900.

## GARDEN OF THE GODS.

---

GARDEN of the Gods with charm enchanted!  
Since we beheld thee our mind is haunted  
With the magic beauty in thee planted  
    To be seen on either hand!  
In thee by erosion or upheaval  
Of inturn forces in days primeval,  
Pagan temple and Christian cathedral  
    In semblance, together stand!

The Tower of Babel, the Cathedral Spires,  
And Druid's Temple, with its altar fires,  
Sacrificial rites and funeral pyres,  
    Are figures unique in stone!  
And in the Garden, also, Mushrooms grew,  
And enormous Frogs of red-tinted hue,  
Upsprang from foot-prints of the Manitou,  
    In the ages long by-gone!

From Vulcan's Anvil electric fire flies  
To rend the stone that in the Garden lies,  
Into blocks, for the Bear, Seal, Bridge of Sighs,  
    Lot's Wife and Mother Grundy!  
Eagle's Nest, Dame Judy, Siamese Twins,  
The Balance Rock, vibrating in the winds,  
The giant Gate-way where the work begins,  
    And other figures sundry!

These grand and majestic figures in stone —  
Chiseled by the tooth of time — age unknown —  
Erect stand on foot-hills near the backbone  
    Of our mighty continent!  
They fill the mind with amaze and wonder!  
And in thought one hears rock-rending thunder,  
Sees lofty hills arise in vast number,  
    With Pike's Peak predominant!

Colorado Springs, Aug. 23, 1900.

## GOLDEN WEDDING.

---

FRIENDS of my youth and manhood too,  
'Tis a pleasure to think of you,  
And of your wedded journey through  
    These fifty happy years  
Completed now, in full measure  
Of companionship and pleasure,  
Which, while life lasts you will treasure  
    Their priceless memories!

Though distant from the scene, yet still  
In mind I see, beneath the hill,  
Your house with friends and neighbors fill,  
    Bringing kindly greeting  
To you, whom they so long have known —  
E'en youth to age together grown —  
The worthy people of the town  
    Hold a joyous meeting!

While you, with smiling faces beam  
Upon each caller in the stream,  
Bestowing pleasure it would seem,  
    With your welcome bidding;  
While their flushed cheek and sparkling eye  
Assume appearances that vie  
With youth — to be youthful all try,  
    At a Golden Wedding!

Ladies recall their days of yore —  
What the bride at her wedding wore —  
Those are ladies beyond three score,  
    Of appreciation!

The gentlemen, calm and sedate,  
Their experiences relate  
As they meet to celebrate  
    Your golden occasion!

And all the cheerily happy throng  
Pass in and out their friends among,  
Hear the praises from every tongue  
    On the half century  
Of your two lives in equipoise —  
And with one accord do rejoice  
To sing in clear united voice,  
    Your song of jubilee!

Nov. 27, 1900.

# THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

---

HAIL! to his majesty, who doth appear!  
With sceptred hand as ruler of the year,  
Nineteen hundred one,  
Whose rule we must own!

All hail! to the twentieth century!  
Autocratic monarch of destiny  
For a hundred years,  
O'er worldly affairs!

Hail! to our Christian civilization!  
Its advancement and realization  
On history's pages  
O'er former ages!

All hail! and proclaim Christian progression!  
In its grand, universal procession,  
Until wars shall cease,  
And the world has peace!

Hail! to the United States, our loved country!  
May she ever be "the land of the free,"  
Not a travesty  
On true liberty!

All hail! and proclaim a true brotherhood!  
Wherein our Sovereign Lord made of one blood  
All races at birth  
To dwell on the earth!

Hail! to true friends wheresoever they may be!  
In this our land, or in any country,  
With friends unselfish  
To hold and cherish!

Hail! All hail! and right joyfully proclaim!  
Glory, honor, praise, to Jehovah's name!  
Father of mercies,  
In all centuries!

Jan. 1, 1901.

## \*BLUE HILL.

---

THE place of our nativity  
Oft does our vision fill,  
Though far away on land or sea,  
In mind we see it still!

“’Tis graven on the memory,”  
For time, for good or ill,  
In plenty or in penury,  
In mind we see it still!

We love the name of the dear town,  
Its shores, its bay, its hill  
Symmetrical, from foot to crown,  
In mind we see them still!

We love its slopes of pastures green,  
Its fields, its brooks and rills,  
No fairer sight have we e’er seen,  
Than this our vision fills!

We love its sacred memories,  
Our hearts they warm and fill  
With true magnetic tendencies,  
For childhood’s home — Blue Hill!

\*Written by request in a lady friend’s album—a native of Blue Hill.



## A MOTHER'S SOLILOQUY.

---

DEAR me! I am almost fifty!  
One less than half a century  
I've lived this life of mine!  
Constant household cares my employ,  
These, and little else to enjoy,  
And now I'm forty-nine!

I've ever been a faithful wife  
In every phase of married life;  
My whole duty have done  
To my husband and family,  
And have labored on constantly  
For the good of each one!

Sometimes my o'er-wrought arm and brain  
Doubtless have caused me to complain,  
And then I've been called "cross!"  
But only such as I can know  
What wives and mothers undergo,  
From nerve and tissue loss!

But let that pass — the time may come  
When my children will have a home,  
And understand it all!  
They'll then remember their mother,  
The worry, trouble and bother  
She had — they will recall!

Time flies faster as one grows old,  
Or, seems to, as I oft was told  
In youth, but did decline  
To believe it — life did'nt show it,  
To me then, but now I know it,  
For I am forty-nine!

## \*WE WELL REMEMBER.

---

Yes, we well remember, for 'twas but yesterday!  
That as happy children we were engaged in play  
Upon the rocky shores of a beautiful bay  
    In the old Pine Tree State!

Whose clear, sparkling waters glistening in the sun,  
Were into a pathway transformed, it seemed, whereon  
The golden rays of light merrily danced and shone  
    Brightly illuminate!

And we well remember, for it seems but a day!  
When we watched white-winged ships as they sailed from the bay,  
Bound, "like birds of passage," o'er ocean's trackless way,  
    So often turbulent!

A comely sight indeed, to us those ships did seem;  
We watched them intently, and in youth's morning dream,  
Thought of the time to come, when our bark on life's stream  
    Would float with the current!

Yes, we well remember, in exalted array  
"The everlasting hills" lifted above the bay.  
And Mount Kolligwigwauk, in undisputed sway,  
    Monarch of the region!

The hills of Mount Desert, that in their silent boast,  
Hold sway o'er more islands, bays and capes, from their post,  
Than elsewhere can be found, on any line of coast  
    Of equal dominion!

We remember other scenes, of which we too, were fond,  
"The Coggin Hill," so called; the road by the Salt Pond;  
Haunted Mother Bush Brook, and the Long Cove, beyond  
    The hamlet of Mackville!

The ledgy wooded heights, upreared in the background,  
The green fields and pastures, and the glad, pleasant sound  
Of the feathered songsters, sweetly singing around  
    Our homes near the tide-mill;

Yes, we well remember, the thought our vision fills,  
Of the revolving wheels, turned, when the water wills,  
The simple mechanism of the well-known tide-mills ;

    A scene of former days !

The mill stream, and the pond, its shores and dam above,  
Mill Island and the Neck ; the Falls which we did love  
To visit, where currents did onward swiftly move,

    Before our eager gaze !

And we do not forget, our fathers and mothers !  
Those who made life happy — our sisters and brothers ;  
All that were friends of ours, kind neighbors and others,

    In mind we see them yet !

Hear their welcome voices, greetings without display ;  
See their smiling faces, as though 'twere yesterday,  
They clasped us by the hand, as we met on life's way !

    Them, we shall not forget !

Yes, we well remember, our little district school !  
The stern-visaged teacher, with his birch and ferule,  
Signifying order — the emblems of control —

    Of the schools of our day !

And woe ! to a scholar, who, in bravado broke  
The master's laws and rules ; the medicine he took  
Was elixir of birch, not given as a joke,

    But in the usual way !

How well we remember, the bright sunny faces,  
Of our youthful schoolmates — their benches and places  
That they then occupied, and the lingering traces

    Of personal regard !

Through life we followed them — joyed in their successes ;  
When sorrows o'ertook them, we shared their distresses —  
In health, in joy and hope, in all that life blesses,

    Our thoughts, cheered them onward !

Yes, and we remember, that of all that youthful band,  
That few indeed are left! we almost alone, stand  
As representatives of our dear native strand,  
    To recall scenes of yore!

Those scenes are greatly changed — the things inanimate  
Remain as they were then — the houses are desolate  
Of friends we knew and loved — they've passed "the silent gate!"  
    And them we see no more!

But, we too remember, that there'll be a welcome  
And a joyous meeting, in a brighter, better home,  
Where our friends and kindred, with us will gladly roam  
    O'er fields of Paradise!

And there, no more partings, but an abiding stay,  
With the friends of childhood in realms of blissful day,  
And glories that outshine earth's glittering display,  
    Which we shall realize!

Now let us remember, that we, old friends and true,  
Are met here together, our friendships to renew,  
Formed by us in childhood, lasting life's journey through  
    And in the life to come!

Sweetening our lives here with glad remembrances  
Of those long separate, by time and distances —  
For them, and all other ennobling tendencies,  
    Keep open heart and home!

May we e'er remember, that cheerful lives alway,  
Outwardly contribute, like the sun's warming ray  
Of light, to the comfort and happiness, each day,  
    Of some o'er-burdened one!


Let us rejoice to-day and be glad that we meet  
Each other face to face, here tenderly to greet  
As warm friends of childhood — a circle not complete  
    Until our Harvest Home!

\*Read at a dinner party of old school friends.

Sept 7 1901

AUG 30 1901





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